

1911 by Homer Sprague

loved my girl for herself—when she didn't have half the pretty clothes the other girls were able to afford. That's the thing to keep in mind, little daughter."

Esther kissed her impulsively. "You are the best kind of a comforter, mother mine. Come, let's look over the remnants of our wardrobes and see if we can't accomplish some of those wonderful things one reads about on the woman's page—'How to make a handsome evening dress out of an old lace curtain,' or 'a dressing sack out of a silk handkerchief trimmed with your father's old neckties plaited into tiny edgings.'"

Mrs. Blake laughed and followed her upstairs. They soon had the girl's bed covered with odds and ends ransacked from both wardrobes.

Esther finally sat down, an old fashioned lavender and white delaine dress that had belonged to her mother's more youthful days lying in her lap.

"I really can make up a lovely little evening dress out of this," she exulted. "I wonder it's not been made over long ago."

Mrs. Blake did not tell her she had kept it packed away in lavender and tender memories because it was the dress she had worn as a bride the first Sunday at St. John's when she came to the then strange town.

"I can manage with the dresses, but I don't see how anything less than a miracle could produce the shoes and gloves that ought to go with them. One could perhaps find a recipe for a pair of long white gloves to go with the short elbow sleeves I intend making for my little lavender dress if there only were time to read enough woman's pages. They might say, 'Take the old silk stockings of your Aunt Eliza and crochet a proper finish, fastening with the pearl buttons taken from your grandfather's white moire vest,' but I'm sure it would take more intellect than I can command to put them together properly and evolve a pair of long white gloves."

Mrs. Blake suddenly sparkled with animation.

"Why, Esther Blake, speaking of miracles, I've had a pair of white gloves, the kind you want, lying in the bottom of my trunk for five years. They may be a little yellow, but we can have them cleaned, and there's plenty of time for the odor of gasoline to wear off them."

She didn't tell the girl the history of those gloves.

Five years before, when the rector was having more financial difficulties than it seemed right for one man to have, he had read the marriage service for one of the wealthiest young men in the town. It was a quiet home wedding, and the bridegroom had laughingly presented him with the bride's gloves as a souvenir.

The rector always had been in the habit of giving all wedding fees to his wife for her own personal use.

When he upon his return home gave her the gloves she had tossed them into her trunk, wondering in the depth of her heart what earthly use the bridegroom thought those gloves would do her financially distressed husband.

She now found them in the very bottom of her trunk and tossed them into Esther's lap.

"After all these years, my dear, may be they will be of service. They belonged to one bride. Perhaps they will prove a talisman to bring happiness to a girl who is just engaged."

Esther unwrapped one glove from the other and commenced smoothing them out. They were long and soft of the finest suede.

She slipped one of them on to straighten the fingers, then turned them in astonishment.

"Mamma Blake," she exclaimed, her face crimson with excitement, "there is a piece of paper money folded in every blessed finger of this blessed glove!"

Mrs. Blake turned pale and picked up the mate that had fallen unheeded to the floor.

"Call your father, dearie," she said in an awed whisper. "There's a ten dollar note in each of these fingers. A badly as we've needed money at times I've had a hundred dollars lying in my trunk for five years."

When Dr. Blake came he sat down on the edge of the bed, and the three stared helplessly at the long white gloves.

"I'll go this very afternoon and thank Mr. Carter," he said, looking slightly dazed. "Perhaps he will overlook the thanks being several years delayed when I tell him my little girl is going to wear these gloves at her own wedding."

Date and Rice Experts.

"There are date experts in the Sahara," said a sailor, "men that can distinguish varieties of the date as easily and accurately as you or I can distinguish the various vegetables. As I went from Biskra to Touggourt last winter I learned a lot about dates. I thought, the same as you, that there was only one kind. I found there were seventy-nine kinds. And the Arab expert, the date merchants, could tell those seventy-nine kinds apart with ease. All the world's dates come from the Sahara. They grow in the oases. The date palms need just a little water along with the hottest kind of hot sun—a desert sun. The variety of the date is amazing. I know myself

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